Iridescent [On Hiatus]

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Iridescent [On Hiatus]

by APastandFutureNerd, UnknownMusing

Summary

Will decides to travel to Bucharest, Romania after the disastrous night in Hannibal's kitchen. He struggles with the aftermath and trauma following the stabbing and his beloved pup Abigail's death. In a random bar in Bucharest Will meets a stranger who looks a lot like Hannibal. The striking similarities scare him off at first but later Will gets intrigued. All Will wants is to be held, comforted, loved, and forget about his violent past with his former mate Hannibal. When Hannibal discovers that Will has started a new life, he's enraged. Can Will shake off his bloody and violent past and can Nigel protect him?

On Indefinite Hiatus

Notes

I have a writer's block on my multi-chapter stories and kind of lost my confidence, the motivation and the ideas to continue them. The spark, which always accompanied me, is gone. Sorry to keep you waiting. One day I will be back, when it returns. When that happens, I can't tell you. Maybe in a few months or in a few years. Who knows? Thanks for reading, liking and commenting, though 💕 It means the world to me.

Sorry for letting you down, but that's the way it is right now.

I've learned not to start any WIPs on AO3 anymore.

Please stay healthy and safe.

Love you,

APastandFutureNerd

Chapter 1

Chapter by APastandFutureNerd

"Do you feel cold and lost in desperation?
You build up hope, but failure's all you've known
Remember all the sadness and frustration
And let it go..."

Linkin Park - Iridscent

"I forgive you Will", Hannibal said, his voice cracking and filled with grief. His sad, heartbroken eyes looked down at Will who was clutching his abdomen with his bloody hand and pressed his back against the kitchen wall behind him. Tears glistened in Hannibal's maroon eyes which had a tinge of red in them. "Will you forgive me?" With a swift movement, he grabbed their little Abigail who sat on the kitchen table. She sensed that something was terribly amiss. Her eyes filled with fear when Hannibal led the linoleum knife to her throat. A terrible wail resounded in the kitchen.

"N-no, no don't", Will whimpered, knowing what Hannibal was going to do - severing their bond in the most brutal and cruel way possible although Hannibal knew perfectly well which impacts it had on omega mothers.

The last loud, shrill, anguished cry of his little pup droned in his ears as Hannibal sank the blade into the carotid artery of the little one. It was the last sound Will was ever going to hear from his beloved Abigail.

Horrifying and unforgettable. The nightmare of every mother.

Then Hannibal bent down and carved the crest out of Will's neck with the same bloody knife before whispering the words he had told Hannibal one evening before into his ear, yielding them as a poisonous weapon against him.

"You can make this all go away. Put your head back and wade into the quiet of the stream."

Will jolted up in bed, sweating, trembling and twitching. He touched the damp, sweaty, grey shirt and pulled it off before fetching the whiskey bottle from the ground and taking the last sip from his bottle, but the tiny sip left him entirely unsatisfied.

He shifted his gaze to the digital watch next to his bed. It was 10 pm.

Nowadays, Will always went to bed very early or didn't get up at all, as he didn't have to care about going to work, being seen as unfit to work and dumped by the FBI. The nights were the worst. No matter how often Will tried, he simply couldn't stop the memories from coming

back. Will remained seated in the bed, absent-minded for a minute. In the window of the motel, he saw his pale, white face and the dark, purple circles under his eyes.

“Are you feeling alive, Will?” Hannibal’s voice echoed in the depths of his brain.

The answer was simple.

No.

Will was unable to live but also unable to die.

A wasted existence.

At least Hannibal would see it that way.

Heaving a sigh, Will flung his legs over the edge of the bed and sought for some more or less fresh clothes.

The walls of the motel were not well isolated. With perfect clarity, Will perceived the honking of the cars, the shouts, and curses of drunk people uttered in Romanian as if he was standing outside.

Clunk.

Will flinched and approached the window next to the front door. He peeked out through the cheap, shoddy and half-transparent curtain and witnessed a drunk person pinning another one against the wall.

He sighed and groaned again, pulling the curtain over the window. Will asked himself why he didn’t choose a motel outside the city and hated himself for it.

Will lingered in the middle of the tiny living room for a moment, looking down to the floor. It was odd not to have his dogs around. They reminded him of better days in peace and quiet.

When Hannibal had been his loving husband.

Albeit it was Will who had wanted to escape limbo and travel to Bucharest, Romania in the first place, defying the recommendation of his psychiatrists to stay in a safe environment to treat his trauma and depression.

God knows why he acted so stupidly, but here he was. Against his better knowledge, Will had blindly booked a cheap flight after being released from the psychiatric ward of the hospital when his health insurance couldn’t cover the cost anymore and he didn’t want to pay for the costs himself.

Blinking his tears away, he put on a plaid shirt, fresh boxers, and dark denim jeans with shaking hands.

Alcohol.What Will craved most was more alcohol, even though it was not good for him.

And company. Any company was better than the spare calls of a guilt-ridden Jack Crawford and an even more awkward Alana Bloom. They were just pretending to care how he was doing and were just waiting for him to return to work and catch his former mate.

Giving a damn about how to return to his motel in case his car was stolen or he was too intoxicated to drive,Will left the house and got in the rental car.

He drove into the night, through the crowded streets of Bucharest, following his instincts, heading to a bar he had seen yesterday when he had passed it by on the way from the airport to his motel

The nightlife of Bucharest was a cacophony of flash lights, luminous advertising and shouting, drunk people. Still, the combination of colourful illuminated panels on the roofs and the light show projected on the beautiful square with the fountain in the centre was oddly attractive and quite charming.

Being here for barely a day, Will liked this city a lot already. It was beautiful in its own way but not as classy or rich as Hannibal's current residence - wherever he may have fled to-possibly was.

For him it was just fine.

The gaudy letters and the icon of his chosen bar greeted him from the distance, flashing in a flamboyant purple.

Having parked his car around the corner, Will strolled to the entrance and pushed the door open. A dim bluish light greeted him, followed by wafts of smoke.The cheering and chattering of the guests, the loud bass of the music and the smells of smoke and marihuana was overwhelming him, causing him to have another headache but he didn't care at this point.People shortly tilted their heads at him then returned to their conversations and dancing.

He made his way to the bar where he settled down on a chair in the top right corner, ignoring the dancers and strippers smiling at him, searching for an opportunity to make money.

"Two glasses of whiskey, please", he ordered without looking up or being polite, keeping his head lowered.

The bartender, a young lady, with striking red hair and piercings in her nose, shot him a concerned look but poured him the drink without questioning it further as it was not her job to look out for drunk tourists.

Will downed it and ordered another.

Time passed and he spent the whole evening in kind of a delirium. Everything became a blur.

He was just to drink his fifth or sixth. But apparently, the whiskey they had was fortified, so unfortunately he spilled the content of the glass on a stranger when he was fighting to stay on the chair and the man wanted to brush past him into the crowded area where people were dancing.

“Eh, watch the fuck out what you’re doin”, the stranger growled and grabbed him by his wrist, shooting him a warning look through his maroon eyes.

Will’s eyes widened when he looked at the stranger. He didn’t know whether it was due to the intake of alcohol of dubious quality but the stranger looked like a duplicate of Hannibal. Ash-blonde bangs falling loosely over his face, the same prominent cheekbones and the dangerous, dark pools of maroon. They also glinted red.

This was impossible. Hannibal couldn’t be here. He was supposed to be in a fancy place in Italy or France.

Some seconds passed and Will didn’t know what to reply.

Nor a single apology left his lips.

But a name did.

“Hannibal”, Will whimpered, now falling back into his trauma and began to shake as if he had a seizure.

The stranger glared at him with furrowed eyebrows, bewildered by his behavior and let him go as he felt the distress and panic coming off the omega. His scent glands exuded some soothing pheromones which soon found their way into Will’s hormone system and called him.

“I ain’t no fucking Hannibal”, he grumbled, not knowing how to react when a man suffered like this. “I am Nigel.”

Realising something, Nigel’s eyes softened a little. “Wait a minute”, he said, his eyes widening when he finally connected the dots.

“Your face looks familiar.”

“I’m Will Graham. The one who was gutted by the cannibal”, Will mumbled, after he had calmed down, still trying to make sense of the situation.

Some other guests were turning their heads to him, eager to get a better glimpse of the man who was all over the news, even in this part of the world.

Having enough of being stared at as if he was a freaky celebrity, Will abruptly got up but nearly collapsed to the ground, hitting his knee against the sharp edge of the wooden bar chair and hitting Nigel with his uncoordinated movements. Getting up, he wanted to push past the scary doppelganger of Hannibal but the latter wouldn’t let him go.

Protectiveness had gotten the better of Nigel despite his initial anger and urge to beat the drunken scruffy man up. Remembering his own breakup with Gabi, he felt the need to protect the man for his own good. On top of this, he kind of liked this omega. Even though he didn't know why.

“I’ll pay for his drinks”, Nigel told the bartender and drew a stack of bills from his wallet.

The woman nodded and reached for the money, then put the bills and money into the cash register.

In the moment of distraction, Will tried to brush past him again but Nigel reacted quickly and held him firmly.

“Let me go”, Will gnarled and bared his tiny omega fangs, but Nigel wouldn’t relent.

“You’re staying with me, gorgeous”, Nigel told him, yanking him towards him into an embrace.

Will hammered against his broad chest, panic rising in him as he saw himself back in the kitchen, when the metal blade opened up his abdomen and spilled his guts while Hannibal embraced him.

People next to them at the bar were staring in both curiosity and annoyance.

“Eh, let go of him”, a man with combed back, black hair, said with a crooked smile. “He doesn’t want you.”

“Just leave the omega to us”, another man spoke in his strong Romanian accent, accompanied with a slight growl. ”We know how to tame scum like him.”

Nigel pierced them with his dark eyes, curling his hands into fists. A deep guttural growl formed in his chest.

“You want a fight?” The alpha snarled, invading their space in a threatening way.“Fine.”

Will barely listened, withdrew from Nigel’s embrace and sat back on the chair. He was too inebriated anyway.

When one of the men punched Nigel in his face as an answer, causing Nigel to hit him back and bloody up his nose, another man appeared, looking like the owner of the bar. He had short, ash blonde hair combed back with gel and a somewhat bossy expression on his face.

“That’s enough”, the man barked loudly. He had an audible German accent in his voice. The owners now stood between the endangered alpha and the men, wanting to fight him.

The bar fell silent all of a sudden. Quite a few guests gaped openly at them and whispered. Some dancers flung nasty glances at them because they interrupted their business.

“Leave me the fuck alone, Darko”, the alpha growled. ”Its none of your fucking business. These two assholes would assault a drunken omega.”

“I don't care. David and Andrei here are our best customers”, Darko said, mumbling a little. His blue-green eyes were stern and cold.

The two men sneered at Nigel, amusedly watching the scene in front of them.

“You know what it means when you cross me, Nigel. Our business will be over.”

Having recovered a little, Will felt it was his cue to go and stumbled past the men, as quietly as possible. Occasionally he had to grab the leans and coats hanging over the chairs for support.

Just when he had sneaked by the men, one of them seized him and within a second there was turmoil in the room.

Seeing Will's distress, Nigel pushed Darko aside, tossing him on a table nearby. The guests were screaming as glasses shattered, cocktails spilled on their clothes while Darko lay on the table, for a moment incapacitated and shocked.

Nigel lunged himself at the men while pushing Will away from them. Surprised by the attack, the two men fell to the ground. One men was unconscious as his head hit the floor hard.

Will stumbled and fell to the floor, his sight dizzy. Everything was spinning around him. Nonetheless, he crawled away from the fight to the entrance door.

He was back in the kitchen, having to watch how Hannibal cut open his pup's throat and left him to die.

Nigel was about to tear open the men's throat with his teeth when Darko appeared again behind him, holding a gun to his head. The safety was unlocked with a click,

"Get up, Nigel", Darko snarled. "Or I'll blow the brain out of your head."

Nigel obeyed, his alpha rage fading. He stood up with his hand over his head.

"I could shoot you right now and no one will care. Another drug dealer less in Bucharest."

Darko eyed him coldly and kept his hands on the gun steady, before finally lowering it and putting on the safety again.

"But today is your lucky day I guess. I don't want to traumatize my guests even more and I am in a good mood."

Darko's gaze flickered to the guests who were still in shock and petrified or partly pretending to not have witnessed any of it at all, before turning his eyes back to Nigel.

"I will leave", Nigel replied calmly. "Along with him. I'm sorry."

He nodded to the omega in the corner. Will was watching the scene through a fog, drifting from Baltimore to the present and back.

Darko scoffed.

"Gabi really wrecked you, Nigel", he told him, shaking his head.

Nigel hunkered down to Will and pulled him up. "We have to leave now", Nigel purred in his Alpha voice.

Will didn't fight and let himself drag out of the bar.

They were silent as they walked the way into an alleyway where Nigel had parked his old, shoddy, black car, a Ford Fiesta.

"I will take you to my apartment", Nigel explained to him. "You will be safe there."

Will nodded weakly, his eyes falling shut.

Nigel opened the door of his car after a bit of a struggle and pushed Will down into the seat before he quickly got in on the driver's side. He lit another cigarette, then started the engine of the car.

While he drove through the narrow streets, taking turns and shortcuts here and there, Nigel flung a checking glance at the omega who had fallen asleep or dropped out.

After a short drive of about fifteen minutes, they reached the destination. Nigel parked the car on the right side of the cobblestone alley next to a dozens of motorcycles and bikes parked here and there. Nigel searched for his half-empty cigarette box in his pocket. Due to the stress, he needed another cigarette. He smoked it quickly. Tossing the leftover on the street, he nudged Will in the shoulder but the omega was fast asleep.At least he was breathing.

"What the fuck am I supposed to do with you", Nigel sighed. He got out and hauled the omega over his shoulder, then walked up the steep stairs in the house to the second floor, panting under the exertion.

Having arrived the second floor where his apartment was located, Nigel put the omega down on the ground, then flicked on a light to open the door with his keys. He hauled Will back up, carried him into the bedroom and placed him on the bed, making sure he was in the recovery position.Then he closed the door and locked it in case Darko send some men to kill him.

For some minutes, Nigel stayed seated at the bed, watching over him, making sure he was not vomiting.

In between, he googled Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter to recall the news. Having read the shocking articles, Nigel could not help himself but ruffled through Will's sweaty curls and inhale his scent. Nigel petted the omega who was moaning and whimpering at times.

He looked like a damn pretty angel who had been dropped by God.

Nigel sighed when he noticed he had just fallen for him. To be honest, he had not expected to fall in love again.Not since the disaster with Gabi when he had nearly died in the process of getting rid of Charlie. Month after month he had spent on pining and beating up people.

Nigel scoffed. His eyes grew melancholic as he realised that he always drew danger and peril to him. Now he had met an ex-special agent who had been stabbed by a lovesick cannibal. At least the article on Tattlecrime was very clear about that point.

Will had been the mate of a killer who had framed him.

Holy shit.

And he had fallen in love with him at first sight, despite him not wanting a male omega, seeing them as meek cocksucker and not as real men or women.He usually didn't want to have anything to do with the lots.

But well.That was just his fuckin' luck.

This omega had guts.He had survived a terrifying cannibal. Will was definitely not a meek omega despite his looks.

He fetched a glass of water and some pills against the inevitable headache the next morning then stood up to leave the room.

"Sleep well, gorgeous", Nigel whispered into his ear, then made his way to the couch in the living room where he fell asleep in almost an instant, snoring loudly.

Chapter 2

Chapter by APastandFutureNerd

Will's eyelids fluttered open. Everything was a fog at first. He groaned as a sharp, pounding pain made itself noticeable in his skull. He licked his lips and found them to be dry and full of cracks . Actually, his whole mouth was parched and aching for water. But he was too exhausted to get up. Slowly he brought his upper body in the upright position as the surroundings drew clearer but he quickly covered his eyes again as the bright sunlight falling into the room through the window blinded him. The noises from the street were exceptionally loud. Will looked to the left and right of the room, his pulse quickening. He had no idea where he actually was. Panic seized him .Will bolted up as he didn't recognize the strange surroundings to be the motel he had booked.

Fuck. Where the hell was he and what had he done? This was not his motel for all he knew. Had he done something dumb when he was drunk? Had he hooked up and accidentally bonded with an alpha?

Oh God,no.

The door to the bedroom opened with a creak and Will winced as he noticed a man looking like Hannibal's doppelganger waiting at the threshold.

"Good morning or...afternoon,gorgeous ", he greeted Will with his raspy voice that sounded just like Hannibal.

Hearing the raspy familiar voice, Will panicked once again and slipped away from Nigel like a cornered animal. He was assuming him to be Hannibal and started shaking. Nigel walked towards him, then sat on the edge of his bed, reaching out for him with the intention of grounding the scared and disoriented omega.

"Shh, it's alright, gorgeous", Nigel soothed the omega and released some more pheromones into the air."I'm not Hannibal Lecter, remember?"

When the distress seemed to abate, Will stared at him with a distrustful look in his eyes.

"Who are you and what am I doing here ?" Will asked him with a blank face, his voice high-pitched while pressing his back against the wall behind him. He tried his best to remember but the memories of last night were a blur due to the alcohol-induced blackout.

"I'm Nigel. Don't you remember how we met last night?" Nigel asked, scrutinised him intently.

Silence reigned, except for the noise of the city permeating the walls. Will contemplated for some seconds, putting his face into a frown. His cheeks turned pink in embarrassment.

"I'm afraid..no", Will murmured.

He scratched his stubbled chin.

“I imagine I might have gotten drunk in a bar or somethin’.”

Will looked at the glass with water on the nightstand and the pills lying beside him. He wanted to reach out for it but Nigel was quicker and handed him the glass of water and the Aspirin, which Will gratefully accepted with a muttered “Thanks”. He gulped down the water along with the medicine with one or two sips.

“No worries, gorgeous”, Nigel responded, a smile tugging on his lips.

“And yeah, you really got drunk last night. You spilled your shitty drink on me.You called me Hannibal, which got me mad as fuck.”

“I’m sorry”, Will replied and averted his gaze. He rubbed his eyes, trying to render himself fully awake.

“But you really do look like him, you know.”

Nigel sighed and crossed his arms over his chest. “I know, gorgeous. They keep telling me that all the time since the news got out.”

Will winced at the continued use of the endearment and scrutinized Nigel with a skeptical expression and sharp, perceptive blue eyes.

“Why do you keep calling me gorgeous?”

Nigel chuckled softly and looked at his knees for a moment, his cheeks showing a tinge of pink. “Because that’s what you are.” Shifting closer to a more physical contact with, Nigel reached out to pet him, but the latter pulled away.

“I’m not sure if that’s true”, Will grunted.

“By the way, did we mate or bond ?”

“No, I haven’t touched you”, Nigel answered, disgusted by his insinuation.

“Good. Because I’m not interested in bonding and mating ”, Will declared in a brusque tone, then pulled back the duvet, got up from the bed surprisingly quickly despite his hangover and brushed the wrinkles out of his damp clothes.Having found his sneakers, Will put them on.

Will walked to the door and Nigel followed him.

“I wasn’t implying anything -“, Nigel started, furrowing his eyebrows and making an apologetic gesture with his hands. He had to refrain himself from getting angry and irritated.

 “But you flirted with me and reached for physical contact”, Will gave quietly, lowering his head. “I am not the one that can satisfy your needs. I..just wouldn’t be good for you.”

“Why is that?”, Nigel inquired with an impatient growl and came closer with slow steps, which made Will tense up a little and move away from Nigel. “Because Hannibal Lecter gutted you and killed your offspring ?” His eyes narrowed and glinted maliciously red again when he had to utter the name.

But he knew he shouldn’t have said the last comment for Will’s face turned to stone at the mention of his killed baby.

“I just want you to live”, Will explained in a sharp, clipped and offended tone, knitting his eyebrows together. “You deserve to live.”

“Hannibal Lecter is dangerous. Anyone getting in his way or the way of his toys gets killed off in the end.”

”I am aware”, Nigel said, his nostrils flaring. “And I don’t fucking care, because he’s not here.”

And I’m dangerous, too.

But Nigel swallowed the last bit.

“Well, I just want you to know about what you would get yourself into.”

Will raised his eyebrows at him.

Nigel remained silent, processing the warning.

Feeling his hesitation,Will turned around. A little bit of disappointment was visible on his face but he hid it away by giving Nigel his back.

“Thanks for everything.” With this short dismissive farewell, the omega left the apartment as fast as he could, not bothering to close the door behind him.

When Nigel had decided, he didn’t care about his warning, it was too late.

“Wait, Will”, Nigel called after him, lingering at the main entrance but it was too late. Will had already left the room and the sound of his steps and the main door falling shut permeated the thin walls of the room.

Nigel sighed and retreated into the kitchen to make himself a coffee with his cheap coffee maker. Having finished, he lit a cigarette despite the ban of smoking, contemplating the events of last night. Lingering at the window, Nigel watched the omega stand still at the other side of the street, leaning over the railing and gazing to the river nearby.

Nigel considered his options while sipping from his coffee. He could leave the house and try to make Will come back for a decent talk, but the alpha figured he better let him go for now.

That omega was deeply troubled and Nigel didn’t want to prod the poor man more than he already had. Also, he was fed up with people breaking his heart. Maybe he would see him

again or not. No more running after people who didn't appreciate him or his attempts to help. Too often had women broken his heart.

Nigel turned away from the window and grabbed his phone to talk to Darko in order to apologize for the outburst. After all, Darko and his crew paid him most for the party drugs as they dominated the black market in Bucharest.

When he had finished the call and Darko made him clear that Nigel had fucked up with his behaviour and should better look for another buyer and bar for his future trades, Nigel threw the empty coffee mug to the wall where it shattered into a thousand pieces.

Frustrated, Nigel put on his denim jeans jeans jacket and left, the door falling shut with a loud bang, damaging it further than it already was.

He needed a long walk to think and vent some air. Maybe he'd beat up some other scoundrel today. And then he would have to scout out some new locations and dealers which wouldn't be exactly easy. But this task could wait until the night for it was not a business for the day.

Being a renowned drug dealer and known in the underground, he didn't worry too much. He still had other clients. Darko's club had been the easiest way to make money though.

While roaming the streets, he couldn't stop thinking about the scruffy omega with the sad, pretty eyes, the beautiful, delicate, slender silhouette, and the melodic voice. When Nigel returned from his stroll, he discovered Will sitting on a bench near the river with a bottle of beer and a sandwich in his hands, looking lost and sad. It was then that Nigel decided to break his resolution and approached him, careful not to shy him away.

Man, he needed to know how to make the omega feel better about that shit that had happened to him. His inner instincts told him that he should try at least one more time before giving up.

"Oh, Nigel", he cursed himself. "What have you gotten yourself into."

Smiling he approached the bench where Will was sitting on, his eyes fixed on the water.

Chapter 3

Chapter by APastandFutureNerd

Will fled the building in haste to put some distance between Nigel and himself.He walked across the cobblestone street, dodging bikes and cars who honked, then, after finding a spot to catch his breath, ultimately leaned against the rusty railing behind him, contemplating and enjoying the warmth of the sun on his pallid face.

Nigel, the doppelganger still scared and confused him, even though he was not responsible for his fragile psyche crashing down because of the similarities. Hannibal was to blame for fucking up his mind.

Even though the alpha had been nice, helpful and authentic, Will didn't intend to start another relationship so soon as he did when he met Hannibal. He didn't know Nigel's backstory, character traits, and his past yet. Will had gone through too many disappointments, betrayals, and manipulation in his life and was wary. Yet Will longed to be happy for once. It didn't matter if he died afterward -when Hannibal decided to come after him - just once in his life Will wanted to feel the blessed emotion of serenity and weightlessness without having to worry about his partner being a serial killer and manipulating him to his delight.

Minutes passed -or was it half an hour? Will's sense of time was disrupted. The sun of the midday heat was at its peak and the warm golden rays burned his neck. Will still stood there on the other side of the apartment with the perfect view on the glistening water of the river.

On the impressive, long bridge with the splendid view on the palace and various buildings of Bucharest, some tourists lingered, taking pictures and selfies together. People were rushing over the bridge with shopping bags in their hands. Motorcycles and cars were cruising through the narrow alleyway behind him. People yelled, laughed and chatted. Once more, Will's empathetic senses reached out like uncontrollable tendrils, making hard to focus on his thoughts or feelings.

No boundaries for the things you love.

Will kept gazing at the bridge some good yards away from him, to ground himself from the overstimulation while contemplating what he should do with himself now. Feeling he should leave and get himself breakfast or lunch when his stomach rumbled and clenched painfully, Will tore his gaze away to analyse his surroundings.

He didn't have a single clue at all to which part of Bucharest he had been brought to by Nigel. Another thought crossed his mind. He also needed to get his car back or he would be in unnecessary trouble.

Fetching the smartphone of his pocket, he saw he had missed at least a dozens of calls.

Disregarding the calls of the unknown number which was probably Jack Crawford, trying to get him back to the US or another country, he unlocked his phone, then opened an app to

navigate himself back to his current home on foot, to get some sleep.

Before starting the navigation on Google Maps, Will decided against it.

Instead, he made his way to a tiny little shop around the corner, bought himself two bottles of beers, a sandwich wrapped in plastic and settled down at the shore beneath the bridge, letting his thoughts roam. Will thought about things that could have been if he had chosen not to betray Hannibal to Jack. If he had decided to leave the country and handed Hannibal the rein over him completely.

These thoughts visited him every day. Over and over again. He was a prisoner of his mind and trapped in limbo.

Tourists came up to him and asked him if he could take a picture but Will didn't bother to respond or make a gesture he heard them. Disconcerted and whispering, they left.

Two white swans were swimming on the river. Ultimately they rested on the stony shore and put their necks and orange beaks together, creating a heart. Children pointed at them, others took pictures, but Will avoided the sight of it as it made his heart ache with want. He had to think back of Leda and the Swan in Hannibal's dining room.

Fighting to repress the unwanted association with the romantic position of the swans, Will focused harder on the water and let himself be hypnotized by the noise of the river, the evermoving masses of water.

You can make this all go away. Put your head back and wade into the quiet of the stream.

Will blinked a few times. The river turned red and he heard the sound of his little one in his ears, shortly before being killed.

Some children flung an odd look at him, then retreated when they noticed something was off that man. The mother of them took them by their hands and led them away from Will.

He pulled up his knees to himself. Burying his face in his knees, Will sobbed silently. Some hours must have passed for the warmth of the afternoon sun had completely gone away. A cool breeze made it even colder.

Will winced when he felt a hand touching his shoulder and he smelled the musky scent. A familiar fragrance -it was a mixture of pepper, musk and smoke and cheap aftershave.

"Hey gorgeous", Nigel greeted him with a compassionate, fond smile on his face, standing in front of him, before throwing himself on the bench, then shifted his gaze back to him.

Will looked up when he felt Nigel's attentive eyes burning into him. One part of him wanted to be left alone, but the other longed to have company and so he decided to stay.

"You haven't come far", Nigel remarked with a chuckle. "Do you see the house over there?" He gestured to the building painted in a dark crimson red on the other side of the river, behind the bridge. "That's where I live."

“Quite the beautiful location”, Will remarked and returned his smile, wiping the tears away from his eyes. He meant that smile.

Feeling like smoking again, Nobel grabbed a cigarette from the red package and offered Will one.

“I’m good”, Will grunted showing him the beer bottles.

Nigel eyed him with concern and sighed as Will took another large sip of the beer.

“Hey, I don’t want to carry you to the apartment again”, Nigel commented on his drinking behavior. “That was fucking exhausting last night.”

Will scoffed and put the empty beer bottle down on the asphalt with a soft clangor. “You didn’t have to”, he grumbled. “I’m perfectly fine.”

Nigel laughed at that. It was not a mean laugh but that of disbelief.

“You don’t believe that shit yourself, do you?”

Will said nothing to that and pressed his lips together.

It was getting chilly on the bench as the warmth of the sun disappeared behind the buildings and dipped the place in shadows. Will wrapped his arms around him.

Nigel noticed that Will was shivering. He pulled off the jacket he was wearing and put it on Will’s back to keep him warm.

“Thanks”, Will replied with a faint hint of a smile.

Nigel purred in satisfaction. His maroon eyes grew soft. He already loved taking care of him.

“Hey, I know I look like the freak from the news but I am nothing like it”, Nigel reassured him the second or third time this day.”I’m not related to him either.”

Will laughed bitterly, gazing to the ground at first and toying with his fingers, clasping them together.

“I hope so. I have seen enough of stupid cannibals and serial killers for the rest of my life.”

Nigel chuckled, too and then glanced into the distance, waiting until Will had something to say again. He could wait a little longer. The companionship of the omega was nice, even though he had forced it on Will. He lit another cigarette and exhaled the smoke.

“So you are a drug dealer?” Will asked, reluctantly gazing back at Nigel, his eyes narrowed.

“Yes”, the alpha grunted. “Just selling party drugs. Nothing worse. I swear.”

“I don’t entirely believe you”, Will snarled, not convinced. “I was an agent of the FBI, I know a predator when I see one. You’re dangerous, too.”

“Okay, yeah, I have killed someone before”, Nigel confessed, his voice rising a little, making Will jerk again. “That was three years ago. An idiot didn’t want to pay his debts and attacked me with a knife when I wanted the money and nearly got me killed.”

Nigel showed him the scar on his shoulder.

“He was such a little cunt. He had raped his girl friend. here. We have cut his body into pieces and put them in a black bag and tossed him in the river here.”

“Ah.”

Will’s heart sank at hearing this confession. Now he had another criminal attracted to him and on his toes. Brilliant.

He shuddered at first when he imagined the corpse being dismembered into several parts and smelled the stench of metallic blood and rotten flesh...

Nigel felt the omega’s disapproval, disappointment and increased tension and decided it was best to go. He got up abruptly, not wanting to make matters worse or put energy into a lost cause.

“I’m sorry, man. I didn’t want to cause you more trouble than you already have. But if you want to talk to someone, you know where you can find me.”

Nigel wrote something on a piece of paper. “And here’s my phone number.”

He held out the piece of paper to Will who hesitated first but then took it and put it in the pocket of his trousers.

Will pulled off the blue denim jeans jacket to hand it back to him, but Nigel refused and pressed it back into his hands.

“Keep it”, the alpha said, petting his shoulder. “You will need it more than me. The nights here in Bucharest are rather cool, even though it’s spring.”

Nigel winked at him, then turned around and walked away, making way to the stairs leading up to the bridge.

Will observed him until he got lost from view after crossing the bridge. Then he rose too, his butt cold from sitting too long on the bench. He kept contemplating on the rather intimate information he had gotten from the alpha while navigating his way back, wondering if he could trust him.

But Nigel seemed more open and sincere than Hannibal was with his fake person suit. Nigel was raw. Anger issues, yes, but definitely more honest. And there was a softer side to the mysterious man, too.

Lying on the bed of his motel, Will’s thoughts wandered back to Nigel as he inhaled the smokey scent imprinted on the jacket resting on top of his duvet. Of course, it was an

obvious, transparent ploy of manipulation to persuade him to return to the apartment, but Will didn’t mind.

Will considered prolonging his stay in Bucharest, instead of catching a plane to Paris and following the first bloody tracks of Hannibal to arrest him with Jack. First of all he needed to be mentally stable again to face Hannibal, which he wasn't. Secondly, he had wasted his time here without exploring Bucharest or Romania after all and thirdly a chance of another life was waving at him, beckoning him closer.

Let Jack, Alana and Chilton do the work.

His cheeks heated up when his vivid imagination sent him pictures of Nigel showing him around, holding his hand and hugging him from behind, while they enjoyed the view on the city from the top. There was this prickling sensation in his stomach when Nigel called him gorgeous again.

Chapter 4

Chapter by APastandFutureNerd

“No, Jack, I’m not in France”, Will snapped into the microphone of his smartphone. “I’m still in Bucharest.”

“What are you doing there?” Jack asked him, growling in displeasure “We suspect that Hannibal has stayed in France and moved to Italy. Come on, Will. You want to catch this motherfucker as well as I do.”

“I’m recovering!” Will nearly shouted into the phone, his hand shaking. “This is going to be a very long vacation.You should be more understanding as head of the behavioural science. I can’t face him..in this state.”

He brushed away the sweat on his forehead with the back of his hand.

The line was silent for half a minute. The quietness was filled with awkward tension and Will was very much tempted end the call when Jack sighed and spoke once more.

“You do have a point. I shouldn’t be too hard on you now.”

Will remained silent, rolling his eyes at the half-hearted uttered apology.

“But how long is this hiatus going to take? You need a residence permit or there will be problems with the FBI and the authorities here.”

“As long as necessary”, Will snarled, his eyes shining like bright flames.”I’m thinking about applying for that residence permit and settle down in Europe. You can ask Alana...Chilton or someone else to help you catch him. I’m done with the Ripper case.”

“Will-“, Jack began once more, sounding almost frantic, but Will cut him off. He finally ended the conversation and tossed his smartphone into the nearest corner. It didn’t break, luckily. If it had broken, Will wouldn’t have cared either way.

He pulled the small, wrinkled -up piece of paper with the number of Nigel from his jeans pocket and and retrieved the phone whose screen had a small crack.It was still useable though. Will typed in the number and saved it in his contacts. Nigel was one of the first he had saved on his second smartphone he had bought shortly before leaving.

Then Will stepped into the cramped bathroom and pulled out some fresh clothes from his luggage, laying them out on the toilet lid. He chose his best shirt he possessed, a rose-coloured one, and his denim jeans.

Will intended to see the highlights of the city after all together with Nigel and this required him to be presentable. Will smelled himself and grimaced, appalled by himself. He was stinky, reeking of sweat and alcohol as he didn’t care to shower in the last two days.

Something that never happened before in the last few years but that's what depression did to you.

Time to change that, because he had a date.

Kind of.

Even though he didn't want to in the beginning.

Nigel was resting on his couch and staring holes into the ceiling, while smoking a joint of cannabis to calm down while listening to the neighbours shouting above him, fighting over stupid things like dirty dishes or other stuff. He was recovering from the night out to sell his admittedly huge supplies of ecstasy, cannabis and marijuana.They needed to be gone if he wanted to start over and work in a proper job to provide a safe home outside Bucharest for his omega.

Provided the fact the stubborn man would call and let Nigel take proper care of him and prove he was awesome and didn't need to grieve for a psycho who doesn't deserve him.

On the other hand, Will's face had darkened when he told him about the murder. Nigel was pretty sure he would never see Will Graham ever again in this life

His heart sank into a bottomless pit.

He was just a scoundrel, an underdog of Bucharest after all. Nigel couldn't offer stability at the moment and he imagined it would scare the omega off.

But then the shrill ring of the door tore Nigel out of his dreary thoughts He quickly put out the joint he was smoking, locked the rest of the drugs into his safe in the wall, before walking down the stairs and glimpsing through the hole in the door.

It was him.

Will had returned. This precious angel had decided to make a come back.

Nigel's heartbeat gained the speed of a galloping horse.

The alpha was relieved to see that Will had taken up his offer, ignored his insensitivity. Nigel opened the door but it blocked and he had to pull at it for it was quite heavy to open. It needed fixing and some oil, too. But the landlord didn't bother with keeping the house in a good state.

"Hello gorgeous", Nigel greeted him with visible relief written on his face. His anxiety fell off his chest. He made way for Will to enter his home but Will stayed where he was and smiled shyly back at him.

Nigel noticed Will looked a little better. More groomed. And his body scent had improved - he did not smell like sour milk, sweat but of shower gel, aftershave and his own earthy scent.

His heart got lighter. His little angel finally started taking care of himself again and the alpha couldn't be happier.

"I was wondering if you were interested in showing me around in Bucharest? I haven't seen anything of the town..and.I could use a little company."

Nigel smiled back at him. "Of course."

With pleased eyes, he saw that Will was wearing his denim jeans jacket over one of his shirts.

"Let me just change my clothes, get my things and I'll be right back", Nigel said.

"Sure."

"You can have a drink or a cigarette in the living room."

Will obeyed and followed him upstairs. Entering the apartment, he noticed it looked very different from the old home he had shared with Hannibal.

The hues of apricot on the wall were already fading. Parts of the paint needed a makeover. No paintings graced the walls and no fancy furniture was in the room. Just the casual kind of furniture you would find in every other middle class home. A huge black leather couch , a wooden table, two chairs and a flat screen TV. His curious eyes wandered to the bookshelves.

Nigel wasn't a great or avid reader or sophisticated for there weren't any pretentiously large shelves like in Hannibal's home. There was one small bookshelf at the wall with books lined up in a messy way. Probably to maintain some appearances.

Will looked to the right corner of the room. A modern hi-fi stood in the corner and some CDs were spread around on top of it. Next to the hi-fi stood a shelf with CDs and DVDs lined up. The amount of them surpassed the number of books by far. Nigel loved music and movies a lot it seemed.

Will touched the black cover of the CD. It was a little dusty. It hadn't been played for a while. Nigel was a fan of Black Sabbath and Iron Maiden apparently. Will smiled.

Everything was so different from Hannibal's pretentious home.He reveled in that fact.

A few moments later Nigel returned into the living room with a different black leather jacket, his hair combed but not slicked back to avoid confusion with Hannibal Lecter. Will's nostrils flared as the the aftershave surrounding him wafted towards him - he loved it. So much different from his ex-alpha despite the looks.

Nigel noticed how the omega glanced around in the room and his eyes had found the spot in the lower part of the wall where his safe was.No one would notice as it was hidden well enough for most burglars, but skilled professionals would discover it of course.

"You like it?" Nigel asked him with a smile.

“Very much”, Will replied. This elicited another purr of Nigel and a proud look on the alpha’s face.

Will sniffed.There was another fragrance in the air. An odd, unique, sweetish one. He knew this one from his wild phases in his youth. The scent of cannabis. “Are there any drugs in there and did you just smoke a joint?” Will asked, pointing to the safe, furrowing his eyebrows.

Nigel flushed red a little. He exhaled and scratched his head in embarrassment.

”Yeah, I’ve had a joint to calm down and of course you know where to find my supplies. If you want to report me to the FBI, I’m all yours..”

Will chuckled and raised his eyebrows.

“Don’t worry, I’m not here to arrest you as I’m not officially an FBI agent. Besides, the FBI doesn’t care about..small fishes. It’s the big fish they want to catch.”

Nigel laughed again. “I’m glad you aren’t and they don’t care ‘bout types like me.”

Will liked that deep, hearty laugh. It was so soothing for his soul and it was not the fake, composed one of his ex-mate.

Nigel lingered there, letting his visitor take his time, touch everything and get used to it. His eyes wandered to his backside when Will walked to his bookshelves, touching the books for authenticity.

His pants grew tighter. Nigel couldn’t help it.That omega was bewitching his senses. But he gave his best to suppress his arousal and the tinge of red in his eyes. Fuck, he had forgotten his rut was overdue. How would he be able to survive this day without any physical contact?

“The books are real”, Will assessed , grabbing one. He held a *Star Wars* book in his hands - it was the one about *Darth Plagueis*.”I didn’t take you as a reader”, he teased the alpha.

“Yeah,most say that but I actually do like me some reading. Mostly fantasy, sci-fi and thriller. Nothing complicated. I don’t like fancy philosophical stuff.”, Nigel answered.”I’ve neglected reading though.”

Will put it back between the other other books on the shelf and smiled.

“I like your taste.”

Observing him, Nigel wasn’t sure of that. He sensed Will was more relieved that his taste wasn’t anything like that of Hannibal Lecter.

“You don’t believe me do you?” Will remarked, raising an eyebrow at him.

Nigel bit on his bottom lip.That omega was really a psychic. No wonder he had been working in the FBI. Fuckin’ badass.

”No, I do believe you, gorgeous.But you think I only said this because you’re different from Hannibal.”

”I suspected this, yeah.”

The tension in the air was palpable. Will let out a sigh and broke the silence between them again.

”You’re wrong. I’ve read all of the *Star Wars* books and watched the movies.”

”That’s..great”, Nigel replied, his heart hammering in his chest.”I do have the movies here, too, if you’d like a rewatch.”

“Perhaps another time”, Will gave back.

Nigel’s heart made a leap. He was glad to hear Will hadn’t refused rightaway.

Walking away from the shelves, Will joined Nigel and gave him a smile, indicating he had finished analysing his apartment and was now ready to go out and thrive.

”The weather is too good to waste it on a movie”, Will countered, a smile curled up on his lips. At this point he didn’t feel ready for this kind of intimacy...yet.

But his heat was due very soon and he needed a plan..

“Then let’s go, gorgeous”, Nigel prompted him, giving Will a warm, fond look with his maroon eyes.

Will nodded and followed him down the stairs to the parking space. Nigel threw a motorcycle helmet at him he had brought form the apartment and he caught it just in time.

”We’re faster that way”, Nigel grinned at him, putting on his helmet. Will imitated his movement. “And way more fun.”

Without any hesitation, Will climbed on the seat behind Nigel on the motorcycle, clutching to his back for stability as Nigel started the engine and drove off.

Chapter 5

Chapter by APastandFutureNerd

Chapter Notes

Just petty, pining, sad cannibal stuck in Florence x)

Hannibal was sitting in front of the piano, his fingers dancing over the piano keys in a slow steady rhythm.The melody he was creating was melancholic yet suave. It was his chagrin being released into chords and notes. In between, when needing a short break from composing, he sighed and tilted his gaze to the huge glass front. The amber glow of the afternoon sun fell through the windows on his face and warmed it. For a moment Will was standing there, holding a glass of whiskey in his left hand. He smiled back at him, holding their baby in his right arm. That precious, loving smile on his angel like face. He missed it so much.

Then there was a sharp pained gasp and Will looked at him in accusation and utter ache, his face growing pale from the blood loss. Blood rippled out of his abdomen and flowed from the throat of his pup.The baby wailed and wailed until it went mute and its lifeless body sagged on the table in synch with Will on the kitchen floor. The floor was flooded with their blood. It rose like a high tide...

Intending to shove the memories back into the room of his Mind Palace, Hannibal shut his eyes, waiting until the memories stopped tormenting him and diminished in their strength and efforts to cause ache and grief. Mentally, he opened the huge black door and slam it shut with all his might. Finally he opened his eyes again.The hallucination had dissipated.There was no one there. Bedelia had gone out to treat another patient and to fetch some more stuff for her nest in the master bedroom.

He took in a deep breath and focussed on the music again. The last thing he needed was Will accidentally tracing him by getting into his mind again. He did not want to risk this, despite having severed the bond they shared. Usually the more time passed, the longer they were separated, the less likely it was they would exchange thoughts like in the past. That was Bedelia's and his theory.

Hannibal had found some peace in Florence and intended to keep it after all. Killing the applicant for the position in the Capponi, the real Dr. Fell in Paris, had been a surprisingly easy task. Since the murder of both Lydia and Roman Fell, he had hardly killed anybody even though there were enough rude pigs doubting his abilities and eligibility for the job such as Professor Sogliato.

It was not worth the peace to draw attention to him again right now. He was about to have a new family with Bedelia who had gotten pregnant to the surprise of them both. A faint smile curled on his lips at the memory when Bedelia had rushed out of the bathroom to him into the kitchen clutching a pregnancy test in her hands that were shaking slightly.

He had formed a new teacup for himself, even though it would never be the same and he missed his ex-lover so dearly.

Still, Will had decided on his allegiance, had chosen to go along with Jack's plan and paid dearly for his lack of loyalty to his true mate. There was no going back now.Everything had changed and he was about to be a father once more. If Bedelia didn't have changed her mind or deceived him. She was unpredictable, too, in her way. But unlike Will she had the advantage he was emotionally vulnerable. And that was because of Will's actions. What he would do to her remained to be seen.

Hannibal led his hands back to the keys and continued with a more dramatic and darker melody. He slammed the piano keys with fervency. It was dissonant, harsh, fast and chaotic sound. A stark contrast to the tender beginning. It was a dark, brooding arc describing his inner turmoil. Finishing the climax with an abrupt ending, Hannibal wrote his idea down. He did these steps repeatedly, for an hour or two until he found it was time to do something different when the well of inspiration for his new work had run dry.

Standing up and shutting his notebook with melodies and chords, he walked to the drawer where he kept his drawing book and picked up his half-finished charcoal drawing of Florence, a new piece of paper, his pencil and retreated to their balcony with perfect view on the Piazza below.

Hannibal had to gasp again as his chest felt tight and his breathing was flat. Knowing his body and the signs, Hannibal knew it was unlikely to be a heart attack. His blood pressure had always been remarkably low and he maintained a healthy nutrition. Plus,the daily swimming in the private swimming pool and weight training did the rest.

He knew that this panic attack and profound sadness was mostly Will's. If he was able to feel it, then the omega must be in a truly dreadful state of mind. Hannibal wondered if Will had refused to continue his treatment in the psychiatric ward of hospital and drowned his grief and bitterness with alcohol, giving in to his depression.

Given he had killed his baby that was most likely. Such deeds had destroyed omegas in the past completely and broken them, making them useless, only to be used for pleasure. Disappointment and worry crept up in him.This was not a fate he intended Will to go through.

But there was no regret for his actions. Will had it coming since he started lying to him.

And if Will was as resilient, as he had deemed him to be, he would fight his way through the heavy cloak of trauma and come back, maybe even join him.

But Hannibal wasn't sure if he was ever able to forgive Will without killing and consuming him just like he forgave Mischa for her influence. He was vague on those details though.

Will's fate depended on his actions in the future.

A part of him craved for a part of Will's body. His brain Jack had always obsessed about. This would be a fitting end for someone who had penetrated the barriers of his mind with ease and found a way to hurt him.

Shutting the balcony door behind him, Hannibal stepped into the living room area, picked up his encrypted phone from the table and dialed the number of the man called Sergej, a true professional whom he had always trusted and relied on.

Generally he provided him with information on Will's recovery, the FBI, the manhunt of Mason Verger and handled his affairs with the bank on Cayman Islands with discretion. Of course the rather bounteous payment would make everyone discrete and loyal.

Having finished the call and gathered more information on Will's current state of health. Hannibal retreated into his little herb garden to harvest some small branches of thyme, rosemary and parsley needed for the evening meal - lamb loin with red wine sauce, parmesan risotto and white truffles.

He crushed the collected herbs on the cooking board with very precise cuts and fetched the lamb meat and a bottle of Bâtard-Montrachet. A serene piano sonata by Mozart reverberated in the kitchen.

His phone vibrated a second time. Hannibal picked it up and listened. Sergei worked very fast and was one of the most efficient men he employed. That deserved him an extra payment. Bedelia would scold him for this irrational waste of money but he didn't bother as it was still his and not her bank account.

Putting the phone on flight mode now, Hannibal picked up the knife again. He whistled the catchy tune of the sonata while preparing the meat and cutting the onions. In this moment, he didn't have to decide what to do as there was no immediate threat from Will and the FBI as far as he knew. Jack would not ambush him without his bloodhound who was currently severely damaged and unwilling to join him.

Will had taken a medical sabbatical , so Sergej said, and had left the US even though he was in a devastatingly unstable state. Where exactly he traveled to, well, Sergej had to find out with his men.

He added butter to the skillet, then the garlic and shallots before pouring in the risotto rice from the measuring jug to the sizzling fat.

Hannibal was curious what Will would choose. Would he allow himself some healing or follow a path of total self-destruction. Will's unpredictability was intriguing yet worrying.

He added a cup with broth to the rice and stirred it with a wooden spoon to avoid the rice grains sticking to the bottom of the skillet.

Behind him a door creaked. The sound of clicking heels echoed through the room. His keen ears perceived the noise of a coat being hung up to the coat rack. A feminine, sweet perfume

wafted through the air. Bedelia had returned from her session.

Hannibal looked at the orange sun fading away over the roofs of Florence while continuing to stir the risotto in the skillet.

Gods were sometimes powerless, too, even though they would have loved to change the fate of the Greeks. They couldn't prevent the death of Patroclus because it was his own will to sacrifice himself in a desperate attempt to save Achilles.

All he could do was wait and get more information what Will would do and what he was up to. Join Jack, come back to him, pray for forgiveness or abandon everyone?

He had to pray Will would be reasonable. Perhaps his old favourite mug more of his liking would come together.

Bedelia entered their kitchen, wrapping an arm around his waist, eliciting a satisfied purr in the alpha. He put the skillet aside, kissed her and inhaled her sweet scent, imprinting his own on her scent glands, before she withdrew to watch him cook. She lingered beside him, leaning against the kitchen counter, observing him for cracks in his person suit like always with a glass of white wine in her hand and the skilled gaze of a psychiatrist.

Well, if Will wasn't reasonable, he would still have his other teacup and family.

The "Iriscendent" Poem

Chapter Summary

Inspired by Mon Amie's wonderful fic after one read the first few chapters and so this poem came to fruit in one's mind then I typed it down.

- Unknown Musing -

<u>Will's Internal Monologue of Nigel</u>:

You are smoke wreathing upwards from lit embers of a cigarette.

Wrapping around me, caressing me with soft and seductive whispers, like snakes.

Slithering over each other to keep warm.

You are a Fighter, never backing down from a fight with hackles raised and fangs bared gleaming in the dull light of the Underground bar.

You care when an Omega is harmed and will do anything, even to kill them to protect them.

You, Nigel, are not like Hannibal.

You don't wear fancy suitor make pretentious meals.

You are not rich either.

You make do with what you have to do to survive in a world of red, tooth and claw.

You deal in drugs, white packets handed out and distributed to the needy who beg for them because of their addiction

Your home is simple and plain, with a bookshelf filled with Star Wars books - dog-eared and covered in a slight layer of dust.

I dealt with murders and Alpha who betrayed me and I him.

With you, I'm free.

No longer chained like a wild beast prowling in a cage and snarling as try to get free.

My chains lay broken at my feet and the only person I need is you, dear sweet Alpha...Nigel.

Chapter 7

Chapter by APastandFutureNerd

Chapter Summary

Nigel takes Will on a sightseeing tour in Bucharest!

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the long wait but yeah, writing is not easy for me at the moment. It's not a long chapter but I felt like I needed to give you something.

Sightseeing with Nigel soothed Will's troubled and fractured mind and sparked interest in his surroundings again. What had seemed grey and dull to him at first due to his lack of interest in his environment, filled up with colors once again like an old black and white picture being colorized. Will had something else to do, to look at, a purpose, and was forced out of his infernal thought loop. Trauma recovery was a tricky and unpredictable process, but today, he

was confident he could gather the pieces of his mind together again along with a new companion.

The weather seemed to applaud his efforts and encourage him further. No clouds hung in the sky. Bucharest was currently blessed with sun and warmth which boasted Will's mood.

Nigel promised he would him a good overview, starting with the Palace of the Parliament. The wind blew harshly into his face but Will liked it, feeling free as the wind. He loved the vibes of the ride and the thrill of rushing past the vehicles. The traffic was chaotic, hectic as always with cars filling up the road, people shouting and making vulgar gestures, but they were fast as they were allowed to drive in the middle of the lane and brushed past all the cars waiting.

When the massive front of the palace came closer and they passed by the impressive fountain in the middle of the road, Nigel then changed to the right side of the lane and followed the short drive to the Palace of the Parliament, a truly impressive and splendid building which would take anyone's breath away. Will's jaw dropped at the sight of it. To admit it, he had not set a single foot outside the States once and was quite clueless about Europe in general. He had not seen the impressive, intimidating palace from the airplane either not paid enough attention. They got off the bike after halting on the official parking space reserved for the visitors and walked along the long way to the entrance to buy a ticket.

"Can't give you many details on our fucked up history, but some people say it's the heaviest building in the world They built it for that asshole Ceaușescu. He was crazy as fuck and an asshole. A fuckin' hypocrite. But it turns out he never actually got to enjoy it for a very long time.", Nigel informed Will, when they were allowed inside, after passing by the box office and short security check.They walked up the massive staircase made of marble, metal and dark wood, making way to the key rooms.The floor and walls were all shiny, polished marble. Red rugs covered the marble floor Statues of politicians were lined up in front of the white pillars and displayed in glass boxes.

Will occasionally flung a look here and there but Nigel's raspy voice and explanations captivated him. His fixation on Nigel also helped him to not be overwhelmed.

A group of tourists gathered around a guide in the corner and gaped at the opulent decor, statues and vastness of the hallway in awe. Nigel stood closer to him than intended but Will didn't flinch. Not even when Nigel touched him gently, his fingers brushing along his shoulders for a moment. A quiet purr rumbled in his throat at the light touch.

"I hope that was not too much information for you, gorgeous", he purred softly.

"No, no"", Will replied and smiled at him openly. "It's amazing how much you know about this place.. I find the palace really stunning. When I arrived here in Bucharest I didn't think it would have so many awesome sights."

Nigel laughed and bared his shark-like fangs,his maroon eyes filled with amusement."You're in for a surprise, gorgeous. Bucharest is not a shithole as everyone thinks it is."

They continued their walk through the palace and visited the key rooms and different sections. Each room was held in the same Neoclassical splendor.

“I have even more places to show you, gorgeous. You haven’t seen much of the city yet. This is only the beginning”, Nigel warned him. His eyes flickered over Will when noticing he was overwhelmed.

“Or do you want to eat something first?” His hand touched his shoulder again, his Alpha instincts to nurture his omega overwhelming him.

Will shook his head and smiled back at Nigel. “Not yet”, he said. “I want to see more.”

“Convince me that Bucharest has more to offer.”

“ I will.”

They left the Palace of the Parliament and headed into Old Town with the old houses and the historic sights.

The beauty of the city was not apparent at first sight. The more time Will spent in the old part called Lipscani and looked closer, thanks to Nigel, the more apparent it became. When he had arrived nearly two or three days ago, the city had seemed to be rather wrecked and just like any other city - tall, greyish buildings had dominated the sight through the airplane windows. Ugly factory buildings destroyed a bit of the scruffy charm at first sight. The contrast between old and new was stark from above.

Now they were making the tour through the Old Town of the city and the treasures of Bucharest unfolded in front of his eyes. Especially the more casual things drew his interest. He halted as he watched artists colouring a large stone wall in the most flamboyant mix of red, blue, green and yellow. Street Art was a thing here.

Will lingered here and there, taking it all in.He was especially fascinated by a young girl painting a field of flowers, the colours flamboyant and psychedelic as in the other painting. He drew out his wallet and threw some euro coins he had traded in.Her face lightened up when she heard the sound of coins being tossed into the hat on the floor while she painted another part of the stone wall.

Nigel smiled as Will tried to converse a little and stepped in to help him translate from English to Romanian.He didn’t mind halting every few meters when Will admired the work of artists. Nigel found it a pleasure to watch Will getting loosened up and finding an interest in his town.

They walked and walked. At a small ice cafe , Nigel bought Will an ice cream. Will chose chocolate and strawberry. Nigel was satisfied to see Will accepted the ice without arguing to pay for it. It was not exactly Italian gelato, but it was good.

He had look away though as Will licked at the ice scoop very seductively, trying to suppress his boner and the itch to mate.

They strolled through the alleys in silence while Will enjoyed his ice cream. Nigel let Will take his time.

“Wow”,’Will said again, his jaw dropping when they stood before the old theatre whose architecture, just like the Palace, was impressive, a reminiscence of the Ancient Greek world. “You surely didn’t exaggerate. This could be the acropolis.”

Nigel grinned again, pride welling up in his chest. His chest rumbled with a satisfied purr. He was an alpha after all. Alphas loved it when omegas complimented them.

“Do you want to go in?”

Will shook his head, then reached for the hands of Nigel, clasping them in his.own. This place reminded him too much of Hannibal and his obsession with aesthetics and Greek tragedies.

“No, I think I’ve seen enough from the city.” He offered him a tired smile and yawned .“Do you know a good place to rest a little?”

When their gazes locked and Will’s hands squeezed his. Nigel’s throat ran dry. He was unable to talk for a moment. He blushed and looked away again.

“I sure do”, Nigel replied, feeling butterflies flutter in his stomach and his heart racing as fast as the wings of hummingbirds.

“There are some truly beautiful parks here, gorgeous”, Nigel answered, his lips curling up into a smile.

They left the beautiful theatre behind and headed to Cișmigiu-Park which put a blanket of soothing silence on them when they parked the bike next to the entrance and pushed open the gate.

Will rested his head on Nigel’s shoulder as they settled down on a bench with a perfect view on a wonderful, old and withered romantic bridge on whose stony arches the green moss prospered.

In the distance, hiding behind an old oak, a man took pictures with his professional camera, smiling to himself when he zoomed in and identified the object of interest sitting on the bench as Will Graham.

”Gotcha”, he muttered. He pulled out his smartphone, texted his boss that he had found the man and retreated into the shadows, waiting for the targets to move.

Chapter 8

Chapter by APastandFutureNerd

Chapter Notes

Well, this chapter is rather short but it at least an update :)

The birds sang their evening song, hidden away in the oaks and willows spread in the park near the vast pond. The sun was about to go down. Shades of pink and blue appeared in the sky. Nigel didn't dare to move his head, allowing the omega to rest a little and instead listened to the calming chirping of the blackbirds. The alpha closed his eyes and enjoyed the sensation of Will's head on his shoulder, and his more natural pheromones wafting over to him. The scent was particularly sweet and tempting today. Nigel couldn't place it but the omega smelled of fruits and chocolate. He curled his hands into fists. Nigel had a hard time pulling it together. His hands were shaking, and he felt hot, although the air was chill. Nigel knew he should explain to Will that his rut was close, and every minute spent was risky now; that they should return as soon as they could. He wouldn't want to do anything to Will in his rut, scare him off or bring back unpleasant memories.

A rustling of leaves in a bush nearby tore Nigel from his musing and his pain, and he growled as his eyes darted over to the bushes some hundred meters away from their bench. He narrowed his eyes and focused. But the rustling had stopped, and the hint of a shadow his eyes had seen was gone. It had probably been an animal - a fuckin' bird or squirrel- But what if Darko had sent someone after him? You could never be too careful in this damn business.

Maybe it was time to leave it behind, start a new life, and stay away from crimes just like Will. Moving to a rural area with access to a lot of nature would be good for the omega. It would be a bit boring, as he had always loved the thrill of the city, but he didn't want to be lonely again and drown in drugs. No, he had someone to protect from a serial killer. His lips curled up into a smile at the thought of it, and he tilted his head slightly to Will, who had fallen asleep. Perhaps not as deep at all as Will's bluish-green eyes stared back at Nigel just as he had turned his head over to him. Nigel recognized there was a tinge of silver in them. "Have you recovered a little, gorgeous?" The alpha asked with an amused but genuine expression on his face.

"Mhhm," Will purred and yawned. He rubbed his cheek against the fabric of Nigel's leather jacket, before glancing around and assessing the environment. He bolted up when realizing that the hour had progressed. "Damn, it's late," he remarked. His stomach rumbled loudly, and Will bit on his lips.

Nigel let out a raspy laugh. "Come on, let's get you something to eat."

A little whine rolled from Will's lips. "That would be great." He massaged his temples, grimacing now, too. The alpha looked at him with barely hidden worries in his eyes.

"Do you have a headache?" Nigel asked.

Will moved his head, a curt nod and swallowed harshly- "Yeah..must be the.. sign of the coming heat. Forgot to take heat suppressants."

The omega sighed heavily and let his shoulders sag. Nigel didn't know what to say and how to express his feelings. The tension between them was thick. Will avoided his eyes and seemed to drift off into memories. His face shut off again and became cold and distant. The eyes lost their glow. Nigel decided to pull him back from wherever he had just gone.

"Do you want to go to a restaurant, or should we order something to take away and spend the heat at my place together ?" Nigel asked and clasped Will's hands with his own.

The urge to press a kiss to this luscious pink lips was there, but that was not the right time. Nigel could wait. He would wait months or years if it meant to keep him at his side.

He would love to kill Hannibal Lecter himself for messing up this gorgeous omega and for having the audacity to look just like him and making things difficult.

After long moments of silence, Nigel picked up the motorcycle helmet from the bench, deciding as he didn't get a clear answer. He would bring Will back to his motel, order some food and supplies, some toys, and check on him in a few days. What he would do in the meantime - he wasn't so sure of that. Will gazed up at him, pondering his options, then grabbed his helmet as well and rose to his feet, straightening Nigel's jeans jacket. He finally answered. "Well...I don't know. I think it's a bit early for...spending the night together", he responded with a tight smile. "Or the heat."

A pang of disappointment seized Nigel for a second, but the alpha understood the need for retreat.

"I get it," Nigel answered softly. "Don't want to rush you into anything. He paused and gave him a long stare. "Particularly not with your history."

Will let out a bitter scoff.

Nigel wondered how Will would react if he would take a female omega or beta whore during his rut because this rut would be unbearable without any comfort. They walked out of the park in silence, the unspoken emotions lingering between them. The alpha felt it was not right to push it no.

After a quick drive back, the traffic had gone back to normal, they arrived in front of the entrance to Will's motel premises on the outskirts of the city. The motel was a shoddy building with worn out flashing letters on the roof, which made even Nigel cringe. Bad graffiti embellished some walls at the side of the main building. He needed to get the omega out of this fuckin' ugly motel into something better.

Nigel's heart sped up again. He needed to get the words out. He wanted to say to Will that he was in love with him and wanted him to move closer, at least. But Nigel's mouth didn't comply the way he wanted, and so they walked to Will's room on the premises in silence. Will opened up the door with his key, pushed it open, as the old door blocked a little, entered, then turned around. Nigel took this as his cue to leave and was about to walk away.

"So..uhm...thank you for this day, gorgeous-" Nigel began, but couldn't finish his sentence. Will grabbed him by the collar of his shirt, silenced him by pressing his lips on his then pulled him inside the room. Nigel sighed inwardly at the volatility of the omega but didn't pull back and reciprocated the fierce kiss with a loud growl rumbling in his chest. His worries about taking a lover for his rut and disappointing dissolved into thin air.

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